

MY LITTLE PONY EQUESTRIA GIRLS

Batch 3: 6x5 Minute Shorts – Choose Your Own Adventure

#403-105 – Outline

“Road Less Scheduled” (f.k.a. Triple Booked)

9/19/17

Written by Anna Christopher

SET-UP

EXT. STARSWIRL - CENTRAL COURTYARD - DAY

After fueling up on sushi-flavored shaved ice (a Starswirl delicacy) and Saigon beef nachos (Spike insisted), Sci Twi, Fluttershy, and Spike are ready for the best treat of all: music! As Fluttershy splits off to do her hair before seeing her fave band, Sci Twi and Spike consult Sci Twi’s algorithmically-generated show schedule for their next stop. BONK! An errant inflatable-moon beach-ball bounces into Sci Twi, sending her prized itinerary flying onto a SHIRTLESS GUY’S SUNSCREEN-SLATHERED BACK. It’s ruined. Without her schedule, Sci Twi is lost! Spike disagrees: Sci Twi has stumbled onto the path-less-planned-for and now gets to step out of her comfort zone. She can hitch her wagon to someone else’s plans and enjoy the ride! Fluttershy is within sight, and Micro Chips and Bulk Biceps are nearby buying waffle pops, and... there’s a familiar-looking, hat-wearing, rainbow-haired woman over there. As Sci Twi thinks it over, the video ends and three clear visual choices appear (linking to their respective endings.)

Sci Twi: “Who should I go with...?”

A: FLUTTERSHY

B: MICRO CHIPS and BULK BICEPS

C: PRINCIPAL CELESTIA (maybe we don’t see her face, just seeing her as a familiar-looking, hat-wearing, rainbow-haired woman)

ENDING A: FLUTTERSHY

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY LANE - DAY

While Fluttershy gets ready (unseen) inside the stall, Sci Twi thanks her for letting her tag along. A LOOOOONG HISS emanates from the stall where FS “does her hair” with what sounds like a whole can of hairspray. That’s a lot of holding power. Fluttershy sticks her arm out and asks Twi to hand her tote bag. Twi and Spike note FS’s black nail polish. Twi hefts FS’s bag as Spikes sniffs it: “Are there... bones in here?” Finally, the bathroom door SWINGS OPEN, revealing Fluttershy in a FULL DEATH METAL OUTFIT -- spiked hair, black leather, ripped tights, boots, purple lips, and a staff made of skulls. Spike: “I knew I smelled bones!” A passing stranger and fellow SKULLCRUNCHER FAN high-fives Fluttershy for her “brutal” outfit. Sci Twi gawks, so Fluttershy explains: Vignette turned her onto this band and their lyrics are actually very

sensitive when you can understand them. Fluttershy blushes... does Sci Twi think she's weird? But Sci Twi smiles, asking if she has any black nail polish left: It's refreshing to be out of her comfort zone. Fluttershy smiles: "And we haven't even lit the skulls on fire yet!"

ENDING B: MICRO CHIPS and BULK BICEPS

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD - DAY

Micro Chips and Bulk Biceps are cool with Sci Twi and Spike hanging with them, but, full disclosure, they're planning on checking out MC Dex Effex—helmet-wearing, "acquired taste" Theremin player. Sci Twi and Spike's jaws drop. Sci Twi loves MC Dex Effex! Sci Twi: "She's *the* Theremin player of her generation!" She was even on Sci Twi's schedule before it got UV-protected. Micro Chips furrows his brow. MC Dex is a girl? But with that giant helmet there's no way to know. Sci Twi chortles and explains her "MC-D-E is a girl" theory with the uber confidence of a super fan schooling new recruits. When they arrive at the stage, it's empty, and Sci Twi wonders when the show will start. Micro Chips: "Now seems good." He slips on the MC Dex Effex signature red helmet and takes the stage. HE IS MC DEX EFFEX?!?! Sci Twi turns to Bulk Biceps: "Did you -- is he--" From the stage, MC Dex Effex (aka Micro Chips) works the crowd into wild CHEERING before he begins to play, after a nod to Sci Twi. Sci Twi: "Did you know he—But-- Okay -- Wow. I mean WOW!" Spike leans in to Sci Twi, teasing, "Maybe we re-think that MC Dex Effex is a girl theory?"

ENDING C: PRINCIPAL CELESTIA

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD - DAY

Sci Twi and Spike cautiously approach the familiar-looking, hat-wearing, rainbow-haired woman standing near the sushi-flavored shaved ice booth. Sci Twi: "Principal Celestia... is that you?" Sci Twi totally didn't recognize her in her "festival fedora" (the rest of her outfit is as usual). Celestia is elated to see Sci Twi and beckons over VP Luna and Mr. Cranky Doodle (in their usual attire other than fedoras), explaining that they have been coming to Starswirl as a gang for years. In fact, they're about to go to their favorite falafel guy's secret booth. Sci Twi/Spike: "There's a secret falafel booth?!" Celestia smiles: "That and so much more." IN THREE FAST BEATS, Celestia shows Sci Twi the ways of the well-seasoned festival goer: the secret falafel guy who tosses not one, not two, but three falafels in Spike's mouth; the line-free photo booth behind the trees just for adults; the hidden hilltop that has a tremendous view of the entire fest. Sitting on the hill with only adults, Sci Twi thanks Celestia for teaching her so much. Principal Celestia wonders if it's a good idea to have Sci Twi write her letters after every music festival telling her what she's learned, then laughs, saying that would be just plain silly.